

ber 1, 1917

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Life

WOMAN-IN-THE-WAR NUMBER

NOTICE TO READER

After reading this copy place a 1 cent stamp here, hand same to any postal employee and it will be placed in the hands of a soldier or sailor at the front. Nowrapping; no address. — A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.



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Real protection against skidding and side slipping.

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*Minister's Son: NOW MEbbe YOU SEE HOW WRONG IT IS
TO FIGHT!*

perrier

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Sold Everywhere

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To Well-to-do Persons, \$3

To "Very Rich Maecenases," \$5

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Journal of Episodes of the Life at the Front

The editors of this journal, conducted in French by French soldiers for French soldiers, have sent to LIFE a few files, consisting of ten numbers each, to be disposed of to American collectors on the sliding scale of prices shown above, which includes postage.

The profits of the publication are used to purchase comforts for the soldiers at the front. The proceeds of the sale of these files will be sent by LIFE direct to the soldier-publishers without expense or deductions.

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New York City



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One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

When Will the Dead Awake?

THE United States Signal Corps seems to forget that the world is shod with seven-league boots just now, and is moving with more rapidity than was its wont in the old days. The United States Signal Corps has charge of the aviation branch of our army. Its specifications for a military pursuit machine—an airplane to overtake and bring down enemy machines—call for a speed of "not less than one hundred and two miles per hour at an altitude of ten thousand feet," and for the ability to climb to ten thousand feet in thirteen minutes. The latest German machines travel about one hundred and fifty miles per hour at ten thousand feet, and can climb to that height in about eight minutes. Six months from now, when we get into the war, the Germans will be making even speedier machines. In short, our pursuit airplanes, if built on the existing specifications, will never be able to catch anything; while enemy planes will be able to fly rings around them and shoot them to pieces at will. There is a widespread feeling in this country that our fighters ought to be allowed to have a sporting chance. If the United States Signal Corps doesn't wake up, however, a sporting chance will be one of the things which our aviators will never possess.

Kenneth L. Roberts.

RICH OLD UNCLE: And remember, dear, when I die all that I have goes to you.

NIECE: Thank you, uncle. Do let me give you some more of the mince pie!

Milestones.

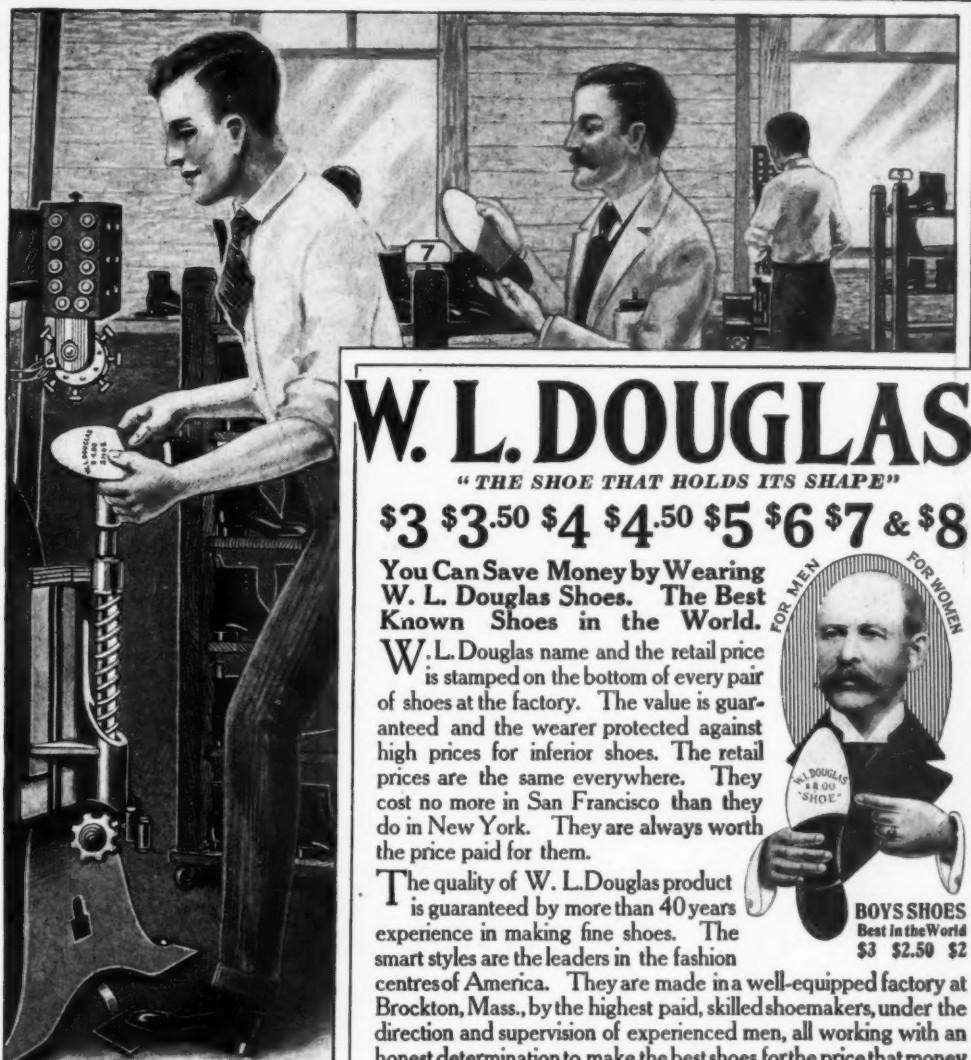
Cape

Gloves are more than smart—they're durable.

Unlike Suedes, they are dressed right-side-out and retain the vigor of the original skin. Fownes Capes are also washable,—kept fresh and sanitary with ordinary soap and water.

Style, comfort and war-time economy lead inevitably to Fownes—and to the conclusion that if it's a

FOWNES
that's all you need
to know about a GLOVE



After the actual value has been determined the operator stamps W. L. Douglas name and the retail price on the bottom of all shoes.

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You Can Save Money by Wearing
W. L. Douglas Shoes. The Best
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W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of every pair of shoes at the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wearer protected against high prices for inferior shoes. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.

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W. L. Douglas President
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO.
147 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

The Only Girls Not Called Upon to Do Their Bit

MISADVENTURE.

- Misanthropy.
- Misapprehension.
- Misappropriation.
- Misbehavior.
- Mischance.
- Mischief.
- Misdemeanor.
- Misfortune.
- Misrepresentation.
- Mistake.
- Misunderstanding.

E. J. K.

A LITTLE hooverizing in time feeds nine.

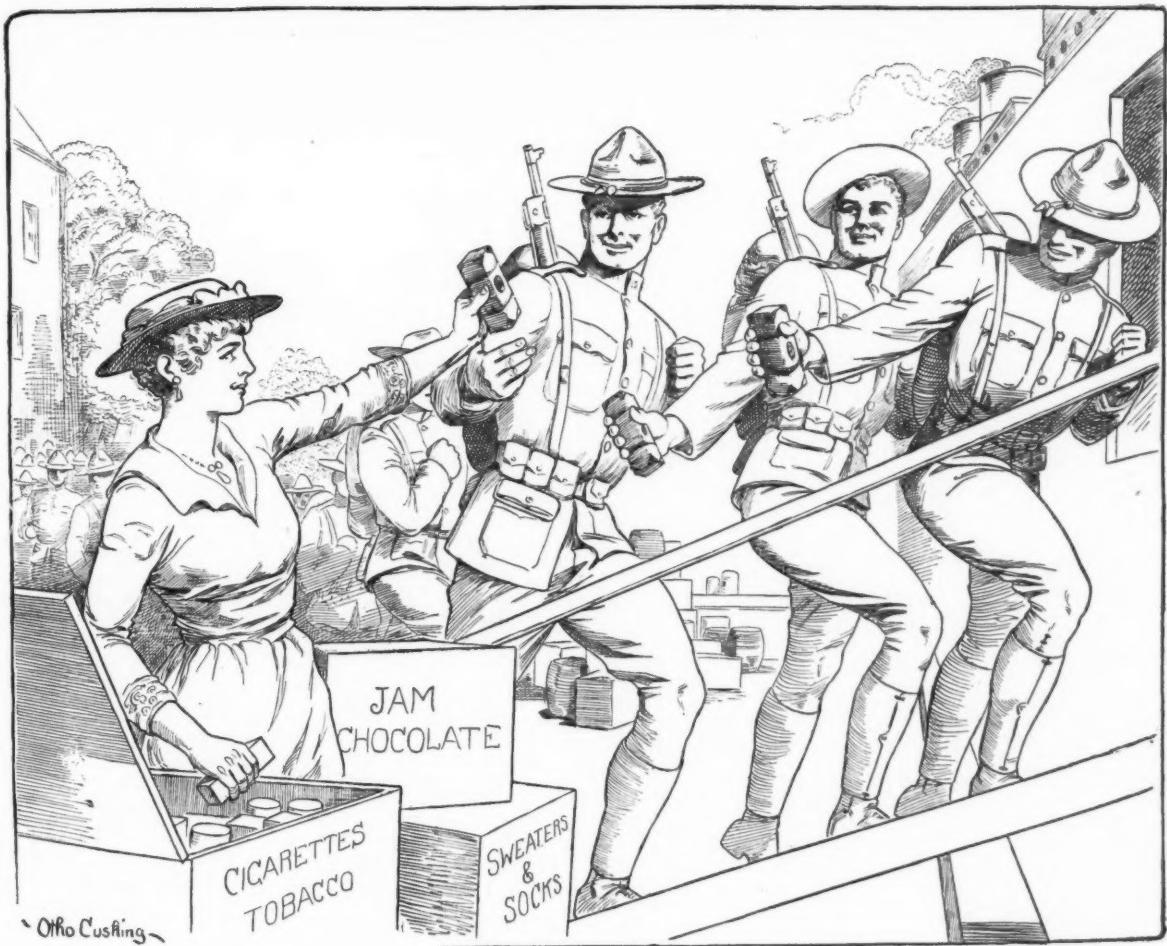


"SOMEONE HAD BLUNDERED"



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WOMEN'S "BIT"
A LITTLE MATTER OF TEN MILLION SONS, HUSBANDS, LOVERS, BROTHERS!

Maud Muller, 1917

(With apologies to J. G. W.)

MAUD MULLER on a summer's day

Raked the meadows sweet with hay;
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health."

Summers past she used to waste
Touring Europe in great haste:
Spending money like a fool,
Riding on a helpless mule,
Scribbling postcards by the stack,
Viewing Lisbon from a hack,
Harking to cathedral bells,
Tangoing at gay hotels—
Education in itself?
No, a waste of pecks of pelf!

Maud, you've been a wiser lass,
Summering in meadow grass:
It has saved you so much wealth,
And enhanced your looks and health,
Broadened, too, your heart and ken—
While you helped your countrymen!

Edmund J. Kiefer.

MANY American girls have just sailed to do canteen service in France. Think how cheering for our soldiers to be greeted in their own tongue at a foreign railway station, and served with sandwiches and lemonade by a jolly American girl.

"LET'S go to church."
"It's raining too hard."
"Well, let's go to the movies; it's only four blocks further."



Farmer: DON'T YE KNOW YE HADN'T OUGHTER USE A CAR FER PLEASURE IN WAR-TIME?



SHE WON'T BE HAPPY TILL SHE GETS IT

The Boom in Spirits

ACCORDING to the Right Rev. James I. Wedgwood, presiding Bishop of the Old Catholic Church of England, the war has awakened a great interest in spiritualism, and the possibility of communicating with the world of spirits was never so good as at present. The number of spirits is not only constantly increasing, but the chance of getting in touch with them was never so promising.

This news comes at exactly the right moment as an offset to the embargo laid by the government upon information of all kinds. When we cannot find out what the War Department or, in fact, anybody else is doing, or learn the actual truth about any of our national affairs, it will relieve many patriotic citizens to occupy their minds with news from the spirit world. What Julius Caesar, Alexander, Hannibal and Napoleon are saying while we are waiting for a year or so more to get our men ready for the war, will be a great help.



Rodney Thompson A. N.Y.

"THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND HIM"

How to Know the Wild Professors

ENTER any college in the United States, and when you see two or three professors gathered together, perhaps one of them with a German newspaper under his arm, you may know that they are wild.

To make sure, address one of them in simple patriotic language, and he will immediately inform you that all he is contending for is free speech.

All wild professors should be gathered as early in season as possible. Press them out with a steam roller, and nail them up to the door of any barracks to dry.

Most of them are pretty dry, anyway, so they will not have to stay there long.

They may then be interned in the Museum of Natural History, with practically no loss to the country.

IN literature all that glitters has not yet been told.

AUTHOR: My last novel was refused by the publishers.

FRIEND: Cut it up in a dozen pieces and sell them to the magazines for short stories.

WHY the government designated one "beefless" day a week is not clear, when the packers had already made it impossible for ordinary folks to buy beef more than once a week.



THE FOOLISH VIRGIN



"The home guard"

BITS OF PATRIOTISM ABOUT WOMEN

(Contributed to LIFE by Miss Kathleen Burke, honorary delegate to the United States and Canada from the Scottish Women's Hospital.)

Behind the Lines

In the post office, France.

OFFICIAL (to elderly woman who has written two regimental numbers on the parcel she is despatching): You don't want two numbers, mother. Which is your boy's number? Tell me, and I will strike out the other.

OLD LADY: Leave them both. Who knows whether my dear lad will be there to receive the parcel? If he is not, I want it to go to some other mother's son.

Curiosity

DAUGHTER (to mother, who is reading morning paper): Any news of an air raid last night?

MOTHER: No. Why do you ask?

DAUGHTER: Well, I thought I heard bombs.

MOTHER: You did? Well, then, allow me to tell you you are very selfish. You might have called me. You know I have never heard a bomb.

NO MAN A HERO TO HIS OWN FAMILY

WIFE (at bedside of wounded Tommy): A nice-looking person you are! Had to shove your blooming nose over the top of the trench, I suppose, to see what was going on! You always was an inquisitive humbug.

HOW HEADQUARTERS FELT

A French soldier wrote home to tell his family he had been awarded the Military Medal. During a grenade attack one of the bombs thrown by his comrades struck the top of the trench and rebounded amongst the French soldiers. Jules sat on the grenade and extinguished it, and for this act of bravery was decorated.

His wife wrote him as follows:

"My dear Jules, we are not in the least surprised that you received a medal for sitting on a hand grenade. We have never known you to do anything else but sit down at home."

—K. B., "The White Road to Verdun."

HER CONTRIBUTION

CLERGYMAN (endeavoring to console British mother for the loss of her son): It is hard for me to tell you how much I sympathize.

MOTHER: I understand, sir; but we must remember he died for England, and believe me, sir, I thank God every hour of the day, *that I bred a man.*

"TAINTED" PATRIOTISM

LADY MUNITION WORKER (somewhat addicted to strong waters and stronger language, to interested friend): I have made thirty dollars this week and thirty dollars the week before, and that old deevil of a Pope wantin' peace!

PATRIOTISM

FRENCHWOMAN (before the grave of her only son. Cap on wooden cross): Thank God, France lives!

TWO OF A KIND

THE Kaiser and La Follette have much in common. For example, the Kaiser appears to hold the opinion that three years of German treachery, frightfulness, destruction and murder can be wiped off the slate by a mushy note to the Pope; and La Follette seems to believe that three years of pro-Germanism can be justified by a three-hour speech full of glittering generalities. Both the Kaiser and La Follette are entitled to another guess.

LONESOME

NO, sir! I can tell you it doesn't take me long to get an idea into my head."

"Very likely not. But what does it do after it gets there?"



IF THAT AMERICAN DENTIST HAD ONLY FINISHED HIS JOB



THE LASS(ES) THAT LOVED A SAILOR

Women in the War

OF all the parades New York has seen this year—and there have been many—the twenty-five thousand Red Cross nurses, who marched down Fifth Avenue on October 4th, made the deepest impression. One observer was heard to say: "Those women were wonderful! Brown and I went over to see them, and coming back we didn't dare trust our voices to speak."

A newspaper said it looked as if a sudden snowstorm had hit Fifth Avenue—but a peculiar snowstorm; one that melted the hearts of the people as a snowflake would have melted in the sun that shone on it. It was not gay, that parade—"the nurses marched with solemn faces and heads thrown back"—but it was very imposing and affecting.

And very handsome!

"A parade of beautiful women," the paper said, and their nurses' uniforms were effective costumes.

These women were going to war. First or last, if the war holds out, they will go abroad, risking the dangers of the passage, and the war risks—from which, as we all have learned, hospitals are not exempt—when they get there. It is not a job for timid people, and there was no visible timidity about those nurses. No timidity; no nonsense of any sort. They showed courage, strength, training, devotion. Their parade was the most spectacular showing we have had of women in the war, but it was no more than a brilliant example of what American women are doing.

They are very much in the war. Many of them have been in it since the first, and long before our country took sides. They make up the great body of workers for war relief, doing most of the work of preparing hospital supplies, and running fairs and bazaars to raise money for it. A good many of them went to France as nurses or helpers in other ways, but the great employment of our women in war work did not come till this year, when our country took a hand with the Allies.



THE PATRIOTIC WIFE OF A PACIFIST

"I'M ASHAMED OF HIM, SAM; BUT GO AHEAD WITH THE WAR.
HE WON'T BOTHER YOU ANY MORE"



German Prisoner: GOT IM HIMMEL! KAMERAD, HURRY UP! I THINK THEY ARE TRYING TO RESCUE ME

They have furnished a huge army of active helpers for Hoover, both in raising vegetables and preserving fruits, and in constant practice of voluntary food economies. Three times a day in most homes thought is taken of the world's need, and means used to help our country meet the demands on it. The attention in American families to food orders is interesting, and, on the whole, surprising, for it is a voluntary service. We have as yet no food cards nor regulated allowances. We are simply told to be sparing of bread, meat and sugar, and to waste nothing. We get requests and exhortations, but not orders, but the exhortations seem to do the business. When word went out the other day to save the sugar, the trading in the candy shops visibly dwindled. That was largely an evidence of the conscientious interest of women in the war.

Skirts are shorter than they were last year, showing a willingness to save cloth that produces some astonishing effects.

At this present writing the most urgent work for the war is to sell bonds, and the girls are very active and helpful about that.

Most of the women are organized, and possibly a good many are somewhat over-organized. Meetings are very prevalent, and to the critical observer it sometimes seems that considerable groups of ladies were putting in their time stirring one another up to work for the war. But the organization in the main is useful. When we think of the enormous amount of organization it takes to make an army of men that is fit to fight, we find less ground to feel that



"I'LL GIVE BACK YOUR SILVER IF YOU'LL LET ME KEEP THE GIRL"

the organization of the women's army is excessive. To get the spirit of the war thoroughly diffused through American households is an undertaking that necessitates a good deal of drumming up.

But the most incessant war occupation of all is knitting. Every woman, every girl, whenever she sits down, falls to knitting gray yarn. That implies not only an immense production of stockings, sweaters and scarfs, but a constant concentration of mind on war work. Really, the great army of war-knitters is a very formidable army. They are not knitting for nothing. They mean to win the war—click! click! click!

There is women's work in the training camps, and they do it. There is a vast deal of work at home for women whose men have gone to the war. There will be more of that, no doubt, but there is much now. More than ever women go to offices to take the places of the men who have been called out. The government employs them by the thousand; so do banks and factories and all concerns that are busy with government work. For every one of the twenty-five thousand war nurses who marched down Fifth Avenue

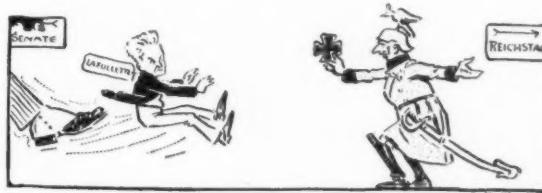
there are five hundred women in these States working somewhere for the war.

So it will be till the war ends. As long as our men are in it our women will be in it, and in greater number than the men.

Family Weight

RECRUITING EXAMINER: Can you carry forty pounds?

MMR. MUCHMARRIED: Let me see; that's about three triplets and a twin, isn't it?



NOT YET BUT—?



In Background: THAT'S TUPPER'S NEW WIFE. SHE'S A MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATURE, A PROMINENT ORATOR, AND SHE HAS ALSO WRITTEN A NOVEL. WONDER HOW THE POOR CHAP FEELS.
"HE SAYS HIS LIFE NOW IS ONE LONG VICE-PRESIDENCY."

A Dream of Brave Women

THE trumpet calls! And, from the realm of Dis,
Penthesilea with her Amazons,
The Babylonian Semiramis
And Carian Artemisia, sheathed in bronze,
Sweep forth again. Again the exultant song
Of Deborah awakes those flames of war,
Imperial Zenobia and the strong
Boadicea, Britain's queen. Once more
Rides Joan of France with Danish Margaret,
Strides Agustina, Saragossa's maid,
And, with her battle-ax, comes Jeanne Hachette.
But, high above all hosts of spear and blade,
There shines a face of pity, worn and pale,—
The sweet, pure face of Florence Nightingale.

Arthur Guiterman.

Humbling

CALLER: You seem to be very strongly in favor of vacations.

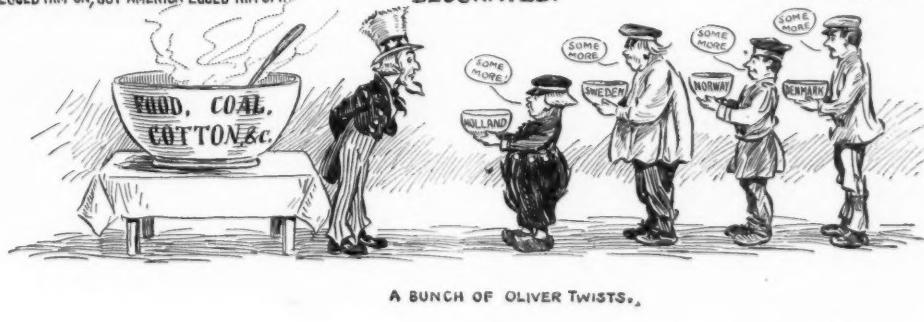
EMPLOYER: I certainly am. They teach employees that the office can exist without them.

"WHY do you call your car 'The True Love'?"
"Because it never runs smooth."



Colonel: YOU SAY HE HAS BOTH TYPHOID AND SMALLPOX.
WASN'T HE INOCULATED AND VACCINATED?
M.D.: HE WAS. FOR BOTH.

October



Treason

SHALL I, because her eyes are blue,
Because no sweeter little maid
Has ever reached the age of two,
Forbear to chide the renegade?

What toys, what dollies, nude or
dressed,
What dainties have I failed to bring?
More! at her infantile behest
Have I not even dared to sing?

But now she scorns my sportive wiles,
My tricks and games. Do what I
may,
An alien lure her heart beguiles,
She turns her smiles another way.
She leaves me—oh, the sad default!—
For what?—A paltry woolly lamb!—
Small traitor to her bread and salt,
Yea, even to her cake and jam!

Arthur Guiterman.

Returns Coming In

FRANCE seems to like our soldiers.
London liked them.
The purpose of this war against war
is to make everybody like everybody else.
The accomplishment of that purpose
is coming on the instalment plan.
There is delay about the German instalment,
but France and England are
delivering theirs.

Excess Profits

NEW CLERK: What's the price of
these lamp shades?
PROPRIETOR: A dollar fifty, but run
some red, white and blue ribbon
through them and mark them ten dollars.



"LOOK, MOTHER, WHAT I SAVED UP AN' BOUGHT FOR YOUR
BIRTHDAY!"

War-time Hints for Women

ETERNAL vegetable-canning is the price of winter plenty.

It's never too late to send gifts to the boys at the front.
An ounce of sacrifice is worth a pound of knitting.
Take care of the left-overs and the food supply will take care of itself.

Where there's a will there should be a bequest for war orphans.

Be among the first by whom new economical recipes are tried, and be the last to set the cook-book aside.

The wastefulness of the women shall be visited on the nation.

A place for every woman, and every woman in her place.
When in doubt, consult your local chapter of the Red Cross.

Help and the girls help with you, loaf and you loaf alone.



IN HER PATH



NOVEMBER 8, 1917

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*VOL. 70
No. 1828

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

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MR. SAMUEL UNTERMYER writes to make complaint of observations in LIFE a month ago about his activity in support of the Tammany candidate for Mayor. LIFE suggested that the government of New York being a very large interest, Mr. Untermyer doubtless considered that he should have more of a hand in arranging it than he would be likely to get under Mitchel. It added that we would probably do well to accustom ourselves to think of him as, nowadays, the real boss of Tammany Hall, and it deprecated the possibility of having him and Hearst and Murphy run the town.

Mr. Untermyer thinks we have misapprehended his attitude towards the re-election of Mr. Mitchel. He says that being a heavy taxpayer, he knows the facts about Mr. Mitchel's administration, and that it has been, in some respects, the worst, and in many respects the most extravagant and inefficient the city has had for at least ten years.

He regards as "unspeakably scandalous" the various land deals "about which there has been so much incoherent newspaper talk," and of which he says he has made a very thorough examination. Not that the city authorities were criminal, but that alert and faithful officials could not have been guilty of them.

He believes "in municipal ownership, of which the Mayor was a pro-

fessed champion, and which he has betrayed."

He believes in party government and party responsibility.

He considers that the Mayor was guilty of treachery and ingratitude to the President and the Democratic party in 1916 by observing political neutrality in the presidential campaign.

He resents "the injection into this campaign by the Mayor of the false issue of patriotism"; he objects to the Mayor's action with respect to the West Side improvement and the Jamaica Bay fortification site, and to his financial transactions in the issuing of securities and borrowing of money.

He declares that "the interests supporting Mayor Mitchel and giving him their money, embrace the most powerful financial combinations in the world," and "have fairly bludgeoned the Republican party into a state of moral insensibility to its party obligations."

Finally he is against Mayor Mitchel because he is "opposed to all the forms of fakery, fads, fancies and snobbery of which his administration has been characteristic," and he winds up by saying:

I have never been in Tammany Hall, and have never heretofore taken an active part in local politics (which is not to my credit), but I believe that the Democratic party, which has demonstrated its capacity for government in the nation in a manner surpassing our highest ideals and fondest expectations, is able to administer the government of the

great democratic city of New York without the blighting intervention of the privileged classes represented by the opposing party.



SO now we know why Mr. Untermyer has worked for Hylan! It is a pleasure to disclose his motives as he sees them, albeit the disclosure, though hurried into print with the utmost expedition possible to this paper, finds the voters already depositing their ballots. The land deals are matters for expert opinion, and other experts have not taken Mr. Untermyer's view of them.

We should not have thought of arguing that because the Democratic party, under the leadership of Mr. Wilson, has shown competence to manage the country, Tammany Hall, under the leadership of Mr. Murphy, are the right boys to manage New York. Surely this idea of Mr. Untermyer's shows true originality of mind.

Heaven knows how the city election is going. The betting at this writing still favors Hylan, and it may be that the blighting intervention of the privileged classes is going to be averted and that Tammany will get back to the trough, or that the slackers, pro-Germans and pacifists will sufficiently swell the Socialist vote to elect Hillquit. If Mr. Mitchel is beaten there may be consolation for those who can accept it in Mr. Untermyer's estimate of what we shall have escaped, but it is a very dubious solace, and let us hope we won't need it, but may value Mr. Untermyer's reasons solely for the light they throw on Mr. Untermyer.



THE Liberty Loan smashed through with great force. The figures, as LIFE goes to press, are well over five



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A PLACE IN THE SUN

billions, with further increases probable. The billion and three-quarters put up by New York gives basis to suspicion of the blighting intervention of Mr. Untermyer's "privileged classes." When the privileged classes butt in to blight the Imperial German Government, their intervention doesn't come altogether amiss. Mr. Hillquit must be disgusted with it, but Mr. Untermyer can't complain, for he is himself considerably privileged in a pecuniary way, and unlike Mr. Hillquit (who is also privileged, though less so), he bought some bonds.

What an enormous din there was

over this bond issue! What a vast number of people worked at it, and how hard they worked! Our thanks—everybody's thanks who believes in the war—to all of them!

If we have to keep on with these tremendous orgies of money raising no doubt we shall do it easier as our funds decrease. We begin to understand what can be done and how to do it.

With the loan drive over, and somebody elected Mayor, and the Suffrage question somehow disposed of for a season, and the crops all in, we can take a new start now and give full at-

tention to food, coal, ships, soldiering and the war. We hear that our men are in the trenches, and that, in a way, is good news, for we want them to get to the front just as soon as they are fit.

The estimate of the number of men we have in France is rising. People guess much higher than they did. Perhaps some day, after we all know, we shall get information, but we must be patient about that.

Peace talk is off. The Italian setback is not good for it. No sound peace-talk is based on anything but expectation of German defeat. When Haig pushes and Petain swoops it rises; when Russia flounders and Italy is driven back, it droops.

The Italian losses will warm hearts towards Italy and stimulate the desire to get supplies to her. Her needs are very great. There will be discussion whether the utmost possible has been done to meet them.



WHAT about the Alabama troops who have had troubles at Camp Dix with negroes? The only morning paper hereabouts of those that come to our notice that speaks of them is the *World*. The *World* of October 16th had a back-page story to effect that Alabama soldiers at Long Island City had kicked and beaten a negro porter who boarded a train they were on, so that he was carried off to a hospital disabled, and in danger of losing an eye.

Members of a negro regiment at Camp Mills—the 15th New York Infantry—were attacked and insulted, according to the *World* of October 27th, by these same Alabama troops, and after a good many fist fights, were moved up to New York.

If these stories are true, the propriety of respecting the customs of the part of the country they are in ought surely to be impressed on the Alabama soldiers. We in the North are not models for fair treatment of negroes, but our standards in that relation, such as they are, are worth maintaining.

LIFE



Rodney Thomson.

“God Bless Her!”

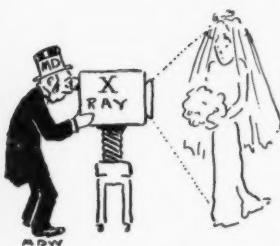
LIFE



God Bless Her!"



A French Play of the Genuine Brand



IN "The Torches," the doctor who found out, after marriage, that his bride was not just what he expected her to be, was one side of the quadrilateral which in M. Henri Bataille's play takes the place of the usual domestic triangle so dear to the heart of the French dramatist. The other three sides of the domestico-geometrical figure were supplied by another doctor and the wives of the two medical gentlemen. The latter doctor, named *Bourget* in the play

and admirably impersonated by Mr. Lester Lonergan, put it over on his medicated friend. *Bourget* was more interested in his scientific work and in his own wife than he was in the young woman he permitted *Dr. Blondel*, his friend, to marry, although some time before the play begins that had not been the case.

When *Blondel* asks him the question, *Bourget* lies like a gentleman. He even advises the young woman that the proposed marriage is the proper thing for her. He fails to take into account, however, her continuing affection for himself, and when at an inopportune moment this asserts itself, the domestic beans of the two families are completely spilled. Then in a duel *Blondel* perforates *Bourget's* lung, which gives opportunity for a death-bed reconciliation, because in their work both men have been following the torches of scientific truth, and *Blondel* is the only one who can carry on their quest to its valuable conclusion.

PLAYS of this sort were more popular in the palmy days of the Union Square Theatre than they have been of recent years. Even the French tired somewhat of the French dramatist's fondness for washing domestic linen in public on the stage. Plots founded on that process give excellent opportunities for emotional scenes and emotional acting. Hence "The Torches" with its reversion to the old material.

Mr. Lonergan himself, who is best known in New York through his delightful delivery of the barrister's speech in "Justice," has caught the exact bearing of the French man of science, although at times his delivery is disappointing through too much repression. Mr. Sainpolis makes *Blondel* just the opposing type that the other scientist would have chosen for his associate worker, and he pictures ably the more fiery character that makes the *dénouement* logical. Amy Ricard realizes well the sort of Mme. Curie who is practical in her share of her husband's work but is still a wife. Sara Biala is her foil as the young woman who could not stifle her early love, and gives us a picturesque reproduction of the type. In the work of an unusually good company Mr. John S. O'Brien's delivery of the lines of one of the less important characters stands out as a delight to the ear.

In its field "The Torches" is a remarkably good play. In light and shade, in the contrasts of its characters and in the logical development of the plot according to their traits, it is a piece of dramatic construction such as is rarely turned out nowadays. It will bear study by some of our budding playwrights who can make a play a week, provided the rights to *Saturday Evening Post* short stories can be secured.



ACTION!



THE moving pictures had another innings on the legitimate stage in Mr. Henry Miller's very short-lived "Anthony in Wonderland." Here a typical movie-drama of the West was shown on the screen and then acted out in the flesh with some modifications to adapt it to the story of the main play.

"Anthony" lasted in New York only one short week. Why it should be taken off so suddenly is one of those mysteries. It was fantastic, to be sure, but it was in the main well done and evidently pleased its first audience. It was ingenious in its idea, had sustained interest and was well punctuated with laughs. It was played in too slow tempo for its farcical character, but this was a defect which could have been readily overcome.

In view of several far less entertaining productions that have recently been nursed along into considerable successes, it seems that a possible opportunity was thrown away in settling the fate of "Anthony in Wonderland" by only a week's test.



IT must be admitted that the theatre is quite an institution. In spite of all the big things that are going on in the world, in local competition with cabarets, moving



*Best Man (who was once a movie director): SAY, OLD TOP,
REGISTER A LITTLE JOY, CAN'T YOU?*

pictures, Liberty Bond sales, recruiting rallies, suffrage importunities, a heated political contest, the afflictions of the booze trade, short sugar and its own intrinsic defects, the theatre not only holds its own, but is increasing the scope of its activities. To-day it is possible to see the theatre exercising more of its varied forms of activity than at any time in the history of the stage. In New York so many new theatres have recently opened, and are about to open, that it is difficult for even those closely connected with the industry to keep track of their location. And never in the history of war have the theatre and its people been brought into such close touch with those who are fighting as in this greatest of all wars.

Metalfe.

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Astor.—"The Very Idea." Laughable treatment of the eugenic theory reduced to practice.

Belasco.—"Polly with a Past." Diverting and well staged light comedy with Ina Claire as a legitimate star.

Bijou.—"The Torches," by M. Henri Ba-taille. See above.

Booth.—"The Masquerader" with Mr. Guy Bates Post. Interesting and well played drama of London life with the star in a dual rôle.

Broadhurst.—Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Mis-alliance." A well-chosen company delivering a large quantity of the author's clever verbiety.

Casino.—Alice Nielsen in "Kitty Darlin." Notice later.

Century.—"Miss 1917." Notice later.

Cohan and Harris.—"A Tailor-Made Man." Mr. Grant Mitchell and good cast in highly amusing farcical comedy.

Comedy.—The Washington Square Players. Notice later.

Cort.—"De Luxe Annie." A mystery of crime and the mental disease called amnesia made into diverting melodramatic comedy.

Criterion.—"The Love Drive." Notice later.

Eltinge.—"Business Before Pleasure." Those heroes of dialect fun, Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter, embark in the moving-picture business.

Empire.—"Rambler Rose" with Julia San-



A NEWLY ARRIVED SAMMY'S INSTINCT TO BE POLITE TO A "SKIRT" NEARLY CAUSES INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATIONS

derson and Mr. Joseph Cawthorn. Girl-and-music show agreeable of its kind, but the kind of the old, familiar brand.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Hitchy Koo" and Mr. Raymond Hitchcock. An elaborate background of the girl-and-music kind to set forth the fun-making of the star.

Forty-eighth Street.—Last week of "Peter Ibbetson." Good stage version of Du Maurier's dream story with an excellent cast.

Fulton.—"Broken Threads." Notice later.

Gaiety.—"The Country Cousin," by Messrs. Booth Tarkington and Julian Street. Again we have shown to us in fairly amusing stage form the great truth that country folks are good and city folks are wicked.

Garrison.—Closed until its opening as the "Theatre du Vieux Colombier."

Globe.—"Jack o' Lantern" with Mr. Fred Stone. The comedian in energetic fun and a picturesque girl-and-music accompaniment.

Harris.—"Romance and Arabella," by Mr. William Hurlbut, with Laura Hope Crews. A clever company carrying out an ingenious comedy theme to the breaking point.

Hippodrome.—"Cheer Up." Typical Hippodrome show with a wartime tinge.

Hudson.—"The Rescuing Angel" with Billie Burke. A bit of comedy confectionary with the star at her whipped-creamiest.

Knickerbocker.—Mr. George Arliss in "Hamilton." The star not an ideal Alexander Hamilton, but the play interesting in its historical atmosphere.

Longacre.—"Leave It to Jane." Agreeable musical version of "The College Widow," lacking a good deal of the original fun.

Lyceum.—"Tiger Rose." Melodrama of the Canadian Northwest, interesting and well staged.

Lyric.—Moving pictures.

Manhattan Opera House.—"Chu Chin Chow." Gorgeous musical and colorful spectacle based on "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves."

Maxine Elliott's.—Marjorie Rambeau in "The Eyes of Youth." Novel plot in an interesting drama, unusually well played.

Morosco.—"Lombardi, Ltd." by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton. Social side of the fashionable dressmaking industry divulged in up-to-date stage form.

Park.—"The Land of Joy." Spanish musical piece. Notice later.

Playhouse.—Grace George in "Eve's Daughter." Well acted play showing some of the dangers of bringing up girls in a too religious atmosphere.

Plymouth.—Marie Doro in a new play. Notice later.

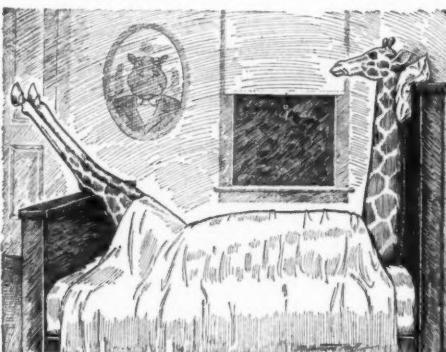
Princess.—"Oh, Boy." Very light but entertaining small-scale girl-and-music show.

Republic.—"On with the Dance," by Mr. Michael Morton. Notice later.

Shubert.—"Maytime." Charmingly novel and very well presented musical play. Entirely worth seeing.

Thirty-ninth Street.—Mr. William Favermann in "The Old Country," by Mr. Dion Calthrop. Notice later.

Winter Garden.—"Doing Our Bit." Girl-and-music show up to the standard in magnitude and gorgeousness.



"BLAMED IF I EVER SPEND THE NIGHT AGAIN AT HIPPO'S HOUSE!"



THE WILLOWBYS' WARD. 23

THE PROFESSOR REALIZES THAT HE MUST GET HIS MIND OFF THE NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS IF HE
WANTS TO REMAIN ON GOOD TERMS WITH HIS PARTNER

The Palsied Ordnance Bureau

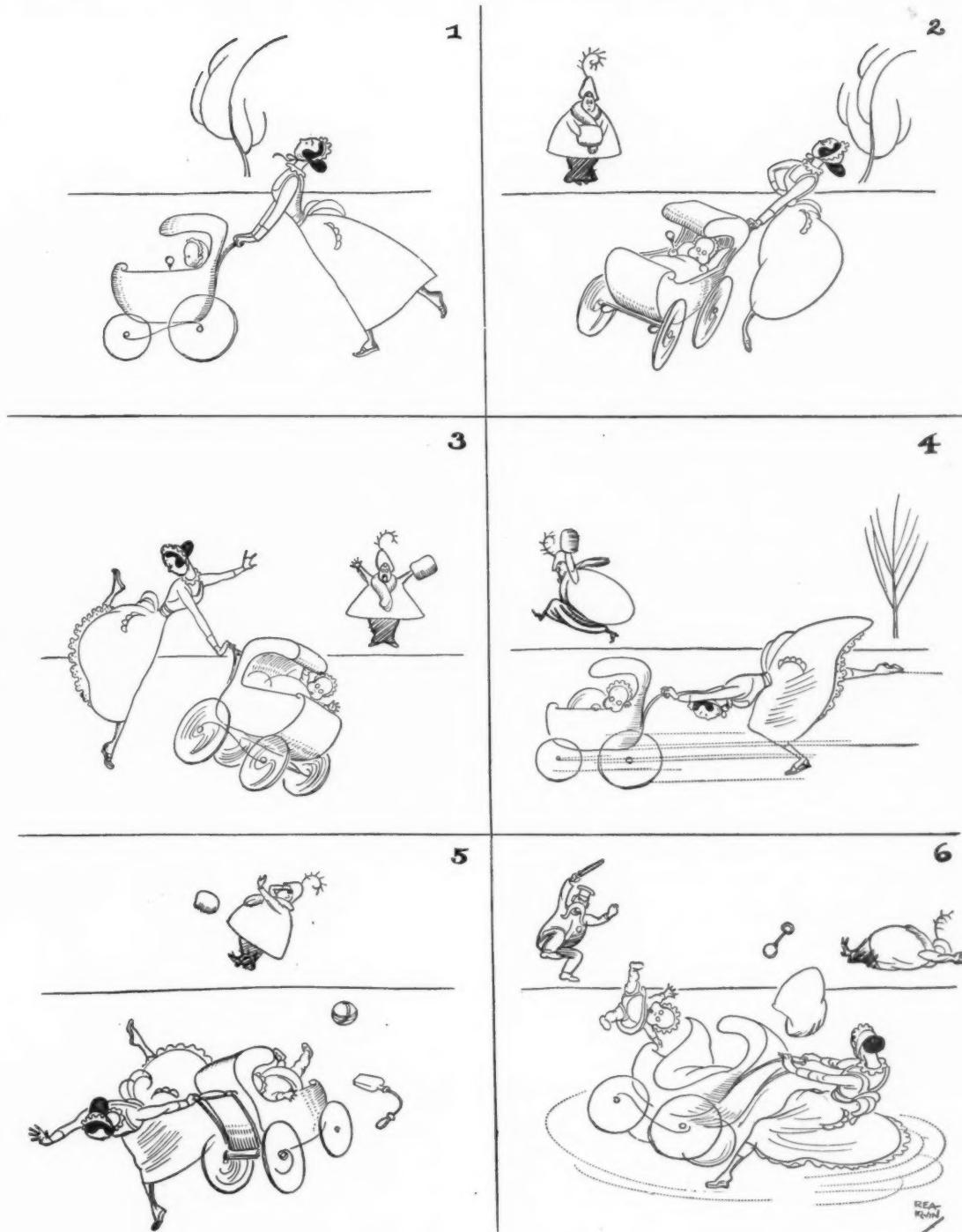
ONE of the latest bits of good news from Washington is to the effect that we are still turning out only thirteen hundred rifles per day. If this rate of production were kept up we could supply an army of one million five hundred thousand men with one rifle apiece in one thousand one hundred and fifty-three days, or about three years and a quarter. The Ordnance Bureau reassures us, however. By the first of the year, it says, more than six thousand rifles will be produced each day. At that rate of production an army of one million five hundred thousand men could be supplied with one rifle apiece in two hundred and fifty days. Unfortunately, this war is hard on rifles, and each man needs two of them. So if six thousand rifles were turned out each day an army of one million five hundred thousand men could be fully equipped with rifles in about a year and a half. Our army will be using wooden guns for some time to come—unless something happens to make the Ordnance Bureau realize that we are engaged in the greatest war the world has ever known.

Latest Betting Odds

THAT Bernstorff's Washington friends aren't bragging about the friendship now.....	8-1
That the War Department will wish it had taken General Wood's advice two years ago.....	50-1
That the War Department won't admit it.....	100-1
That La Follette won't receive the treatment he deserves from the Senate.....	500-1
That Germany won't make fun of our Secret Service during the present year.....	4-1
That the German soldier who receives a reward for capturing the first American soldier will have to spend a few days in the hospital before going back to the trenches.....	40-1
That it will cost eight cents a minute to live if the war continues another three years.....	13-5

"FATHER, what is a glutton?"

"A glutton is a grown man who can eat almost as much as a small boy."



WHY THE PARKE-WESTS DISCHARGED THEIR NURSE WHO WAS FORMERLY FEATURED AT THE
WINTER PALACE IN PETROGRAD

An American Santa Claus in France



MARCEL GAILLARD, BABY 6

total is, so that they may govern their expenditures for gifts accordingly. We have already asked them to purchase, where possible, the work of wounded soldiers, so that the money contributed will do a double work in the way of Christmas cheer.

For the Christmas Fund we have received:

Already acknowledged	\$220
Isabel Danforth, New York City.	5
Mrs. J. G. Pontefract, Shields, Pa.	20
W. A. Clark, Jr., Los Angeles, Cal.	200
Mrs. Richard A. Parker, Denver, Col.	10
Alice R. Radmore, New York City.	15
D. J. Van Marle, Buffalo, N. Y.	10
Anonymous, Belvidere, Ill.	.25
	\$480.25



LUCIEN GONNAT, BABY 512

The Christmas Fund is intended especially for those who have already contributed the whole or part of the seventy-three dollars for the two years' maintenance of a French orphaned baby, but anyone may contribute. For the main fund we have received \$133,600.94, from which we have remitted to Paris 744,984.95 francs.

We gratefully acknowledge from

The boys of the Nichols School, Buffalo, N. Y., for Baby No. 1791	\$73
Mrs. Orme Wilson, New York City, for Babies Nos. 1792 and 1793	146
Mrs. John Edwin Brown, Columbus, Ohio, for Baby No. 1794	73
Mrs. F. P. Cutting, Oakland, Cal., for Baby No. 1795	73
Chas. Wier, Los Angeles, Cal., for Baby No. 1796	73
Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Sanford, Mocksville, N. C., for Baby No. 1797	73
Mrs. Otto A. Berger, Oakland, Cal., for Baby No. 1798	73
Charles E. W. Grinnell, Boston, Mass., for Baby No. 1799	73
In memoriam Gabriel Brackenbury, San Diego, Cal., for Baby No. 1800	73
Anonymous, Santo Domingo, West Indies, for Baby No. 1801	73

LIFE had counted on about eighteen hundred babies to be taken care of by the American Santa Claus, but our good readers keep adding babies to the list, so that more than that number will have to be provided for.

We cannot foresee how generous our readers are going to be in equipping the American Santa Claus in France, but we will instruct the committee in Paris as contributions come in, and just before Christmas will cable what the



MARCELLE GUILLAUMIN, BABY 520, AND HER BROTHERS

Mrs. John L. Howard, Berkeley, Cal., for Babies Nos. 1802 and 1803	146
Miss Elsa A. Olcese, Merced, Cal., for Baby No. 1804	73
H. W. S. Cambridge, Mass., for Baby No. 1806	73
Gretchen Clifford, Newton Center, Mass., for Baby No. 1807	73
Miss Helen Buchanan Holmes, Cincinnati, Ohio, for Baby No. 1808	73
Charles Albert Moreno, Stanford University, Cal., for Baby No. 1809	73
Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Hill, Nunn, Col., on account of Baby No. 1865	3
Miss Elsie Whipple, Santa Ana, Cal., on account of Baby No. 1805	36

FOR BABY NUMBER 1788

Already acknowledged	\$8.20
The boys of the Nichols School, Buffalo, N. Y.	.69
To the memory of George A. Monroe, Jr., Attleboro, Mass.	2.50
Charles E. W. Grinnell, Boston, Mass.	2
A. P. Nazer, Shanghai, China	5
Mrs. R. F. Maddux, Pittsburgh, Pa.	10
Dr. Jessie F. Streeter, Chicago, Ill.	.50
Birthday party, Master Howe, Marshalltown, Iowa	6
	\$34.89



THE LARRONQUIN FAMILY, WITH JULIE, BABY 906, AND JEAN, BABY 905



"MOST OF MY ANCESTORS WERE IN THE GOVERNMENT SERVICE"
"REALLY! MINE WENT IN FOR SHIPPING"

The Joke Is on the Fresh Air Children

LIFE has been inclined to take rather seriously the fact that the income of the Gilbert Trust fund, held by DAVID H. MILLER of Georgetown, Connecticut; DANIEL DAVENPORT of Bridgeport, Connecticut; DR. R. W. LOWE of Ridgefield, Connecticut, and certain relatives and employees of Mr. Miller as trustees, has not been turned over by these gentlemen to the work at LIFE'S Fresh Air Farm. They may regard the whole thing as a joke, but, if so, the joke is too subtle for LIFE'S comprehension.

Here are the facts. In his will Mr. Gilbert left the trust with these instructions: "The income and dividends thereof to be used for the maintenance of the work carried on at LIFE'S Farm." The accumulations since December, 1910, amount to considerably more than ten thousand dollars. LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund has repeatedly, but in vain, requested that the income be devoted to the purpose for which Mr. Gilbert intended it. Under the laws of Connecticut these

requests cannot be enforced. Lawyers who may think the Connecticut laws unusual in this particular will find them interpreted in an opinion of Judge Gager of the Superior Court dated July 17, 1917.

The gentlemen named above may find something amusing and humorous in hanging on to this money.

If so, the laugh is on the deceased Mr. Gilbert and the poor children he meant to help.

Merely a Suggestion

IT is with regret that the Emperor of Germany is obliged to return the enclosed peace terms. In doing so he desires to thank the author for submitting them, and to express his hope that other propositions may hereafter be forthcoming from the same pen. The Emperor feels sure that the author will understand, where so many propositions are constantly being received, and where the demands of Germany are necessarily so arbitrary, that only that proposal can be retained which is peculiarly suited to Germany's needs.

LIFE

The Great Unrest

IT would seem that they were talking rather aimlessly. You shall judge.

"To defy the world," he said, "one must have something to defy the world with."

"Money or love?" she suggested. Her remark would naturally give the clue to her dress, her temperament, her experience—almost her age.

"You can defy the world with neither," he replied.

"Well, I have had my guess. Now it is your turn."

"You must create an illusion so potent that, at critical moments, it will shut out distressing thoughts. To defy the world is not to abjure the world; but only to ignore it when necessary."

"What better then, than money—or love? I insist that I am right."

"A millionaire friend of mine shot himself last night," he observed coldly. "A woman I know is seeking a divorce from her husband—why?—because she loved him too much."

"Exceptions."

He got up.

"There is but one way—sacrifice."



"THAT PIANO, MADAM, IS WONDERFULLY SOFT IN TONE."

"IT WON'T DO THEN. THE FAMILY ON THE FLOOR ABOVE ME PLAYS 'DIE WACHT AM RHINE' ALL DAY, AND I WANT THE LOUDEST PIANO I CAN GET TO PLAY 'THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER' ON."



*Lawyer (offering his card): PERHAPS I COULD BE OF ASSISTANCE TO YOU.
Pat: YE CUD, BUT YER ABOUT THREE MINUTES TOO LATE.*

"You mean—?"

"To surrender yourself absolutely to the great illusion."

She looked at him closely. She put her hand to her throat.

"And you—" she murmured.

"I leave for France—to-morrow."

Found Out

AMOS PINCHOT, Oswald G. Villard, Owen Lovejoy, Crystal and Max Eastman and Emily Balch were among the signers of a telegram to

Professor Beard congratulating him on following Professor Cattell out of Columbia. Amos and the others represented the American Union Against Militarism.

In the present state of the nation, anyone who finds himself felicitated by Amos and the Eastmans on any public action ought to begin to suspect what is the matter with him. When the crowd that these brethren and sisters run with approves, it amounts to a diagnosis.

The Right Spirit

C stands for Clara, the new Red Cross nurse;
O stands for Olive who sent Belgium a purse;
L stands for Laura who knits countless sweaters;
U stands for Una who writes our boys letters;
M stands for Mary who offered her flivver;
B stands for Betty, the benefit-giver;
I stands for Inez who cans night and day;
A stands for Anne who throws nothing away.

Edmund J. Kiefer.

Conservation

"YOU used to tell me every day that I was sweet enough to eat," complains the beauteous creature, "but now you only tell me that once a week."

"My dear," explains the gallant but patriotic youth, "I am only following Mr. Hoover's instructions as to conservation of food."

FRESHMAN: What made you vote against Jones at the Frat election?

SOPH: Oh, he'll never amount to anything around college. He never does a thing but study.



COLUMBUS



THE LINK



THE WIFE WONDERFUL
(A FANTASY)

Croix de Guerre

WITHIN the *Invalides*, burnt, maimed and blind,
They stumble past—a pitiful array
Of broken men, that only yesterday
Were keen and quick with life. The rugged, kind
Old General's words drift through each weary mind
Like some vague vision, where, gallant and gay,
Youth stormed the heights and kept the foe at bay
Out in the tingling, shrapnel-laden wind.

A woman weeps with pride, but through her tears
She sees a crippled land, young men made old,
Who bide in chimney corners down the years,
Stroking the medals in their helpless hold—
And knows she, too, through silent pain must bear
Upon her patient heart the "Croix de guerre."
Charlotte Becker.

Defined

WILLIE WILLIS: What's a "second-story man," mamma?

MAMMA WILLIS: Your father. If I don't believe the first one he tells he always has another one ready.

The Brave Women of Great Britain

HOW far we are removed from the days when Kingsley sang, "For men must work, while women must weep," even a superficial glance, such as this must needs be, at what women are doing in Great Britain and France to-day will show.

"Are we down-hearted? No!" is their battle cry, too, and they "carry on" as bravely as any warrior of them all.

"Carry on" is the password. The soldier writes home to his wife, "Carry on!" The wife writes back, "Carry on!" Out of all Britain, out of all France, out of the Dominions and Colonies, men must die in their thousands. They know it, their women know it, but out of the depths of their soul they cry, "Carry on!" It is their answer to hymns of hate. It says nothing against the enemy, nothing even of England or France; it's the hymn of the individual; it expresses all the impenetrable egoism—all the inextinguishable humor—all the personal elevation above sacrifice, pain and loss—all the utter mystical reliance on sheer character, that supreme eidolon of the English and French, to smash the infamous thing—that Britain and France have bred in their children.

In 1914, before the war, there were

(Continued on page 767)

A Declaration of Independence

WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for the women of America to dissolve the bands of tradition, which have kept them in the background of national affairs, and to assume with the men of America a character of organized efficiency to which the law of Justice and the exigencies of the war entitle them, a modest realization of the nobility of their stand impels them to give a frank summary of their guiding convictions.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all women are created useful; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain peculiar virtues, among which are household thrift, solicitude for the suffering, and the spirit of sacrifice; that to give these virtues a maximum effectiveness various ways and means have been formulated, deriving an added incentive in the shibboleth of Patriotism; and that when any woman becomes cognizant how best to go about it, it is her right and privilege to brush aside all petty considerations, and to consecrate herself—heart and soul—to the pursuit of the Humanitarian Ideal.

Edmund J. Kiefer.

CHOLLY: I cannot live without your daughter.
HER DAD: Great! That solves the whole problem very nicely.

A Tube As Good As Its Casing

Every one knows that Republic Tires outlast other tires because of the Prōdium process of toughening the rubber.

Republic Gray Tubes are worthy of the casing that contains them.

They are built to outlast Republic Tires.

There actually is extra strength and extra thickness in Republic Tubes.

This is what gives them their wonderful stretching quality.

They are made in plies of selected sheets of Para Rubber built layer upon layer.

This process insures perfect protection against any possible flaws that might develop in one ply.

Further protection, at a point where weakness in a tube often develops, is given by our *welded-splice*.

We long ago abolished the acid cure process of splicing.

We improved upon it with our own perfected process of a steam-cured splice, which is in effect a welded union stronger than the tube itself and joint-perfect.

That is why Republic Tubes last longer.

The Republic Rubber Company
Youngstown, Ohio

*Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire
Republic Staggard Tread*

REPUBLIC
WELDED-SPICE

REPUBLIC TUBES





Unfair

In a Kansas town where two brothers are engaged in the retail coal business a revival was recently held, and the elder of the brothers was converted. For weeks he tried to persuade his brother to join the church. One day he asked:

"Why can't you join the church like I did?"

"It's a fine thing for you to belong to the church," replied the younger brother. "If I join the church, who'll weigh the coal?"—*London Opinion*.

VEDEX WIFE: There is no calamity can befall a woman that I have not suffered!

AMIABLE HUSBAND: Wrong, my dear; why, you have never been a widow.

VEDEX WIFE: I said calamity, sir.

—*Tit-Bits*.



Skeptic: IF I DON'T MAKE THIS CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST JUMP I'LL EAT MY COLLAR

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Notice of change of address should reach this office ten days prior to the date of issue to be affected.

"YOU'LL find my ancestor's name on the Declaration of Independence."

"Well, you'll find my name on the registration lists of 1917."

—*Kansas City Journal*.



Time has no power to wither the blossoms in Love's rose-garden

Time and space are conquered in the new novel

DROWSY

by Life's editor JOHN AMES MITCHELL. A lover with a strange inheritance and an invention which breaks all records for speed in travel, play their part in a romance more startling than "Amos Judd" or "The Pines of Lory."

On sale at all Bookshops.

Net \$1.50.

STOKES, Publisher

Tommie Sizes Up Sammie

'E'd rawther 'ave 'is coffee than 'is beer,
'E cawn't tyke any pleasure drinkin'
tea,
'E calls th' Lunnon Times, in langwidge
queer,

Official organ—of a cemet'ry.

'E speaks in such a bloomin' funny wye—
'E talks of buddies, side-kicks, mutts
and geeks,
But 'e can 'old 'is end up any dye,
And every blinder listens when 'e
speaks.

So 'ere's to you, Sammie Wammie, if
you'll let me call you so.
It seems jolly strange to 'ear you call a
kippy blink a bo,
But no matter wot yer langwidge, and no
matter wot you do,
Hi daresay we 'ave some failin's wot
seem bloomin' strange to you.
—*Detroit Saturday Night*.



AFTER THE WAR

Frau: VELL, FRITZ, DERE'S ONE GOOT T'ING. VE CAN MAKE LITTLE
HEINRICH A SUIT OUT OF VERE YOUR STUMMICK USED TO BE



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beautiful b...
portray fas...

Pétrole
sheen, soft...
bespeak h...
natural, de...
Petroleum cl...
and \$1.00 a...
cel post.

PARK
Sels Agents
"The Cr...
fascinating sent..."

B
Absc...
Indi...
proves



Employer: I'M NOT PARTICULAR ABOUT PUNCTUATION, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW HOW TO SPELL "CRACKER" AND "DAMN."

War-Time Fashions for Women

THE prevailing style is patriotic, though not new. Martha Washington was fond of it in 1776, and thousands of Mary Smiths are displaying it all over the country. It is a red-white-and-blue gown: the red of big-hearted courage, the white of sacrifice and lofty ideals, and the blue of hope for fair skies in days to come. And the stars that stud this gown are stars of nobility, whose lustre the years shall not dim and whose glory shall enhance the glory of advancing Womanhood. Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!

E. J. K.

"*A HORSE! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!*" cried King Richard. He was anxious to get away from Bosworth Field to renew his subscription to LIFE.

Pétrole Hahn
Beautiful Hair Enhances Style

Your hair must first be beautiful before it can truly portray fashion.

Pétrole Hahn will impart sheen, softness and tone that bespeak healthy hair. Its natural, delicately perfumed Petroleum cleanses, nourishes and beautifies the hair. Sizes \$1.50 and \$1.00 at dealers or by parcel post.

PARK & TILFORD
Sales Agents New York
"The Crownin' Glory!"—a fascinating little brochure, sent free on request.

BELL-ANS
Absolutely Removes Indigestion. One package proves it. 25c at all druggists.

With or Without Heat in Your Garage?



Which Do You Prefer?

For 5c. a day fuel cost you can keep your garage warm and your engine and car ready to start instantly any time. You do not have to ride in street cars or give up winter driving. You run no risk of freeze-up, which would be expensive.

"During the coldest weather of the winter my WASCO worked perfectly, never allowing the garage temperature to drop lower than 40 degrees, altho at times the outside temperature ranged from zero to 8 below.

"No more priming and working to start a cold engine. All I have to do is put the starter in motion and the engine starts immediately. I would not care to be without the WASCO at double the price."

W. R. MECKFESSEL, Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

One-car System Complete only \$65

All-cast-iron, coal burning, hot water heater with automatic regulator, pipes and connections cut to fit and handsome wall radiator. Any handy man can set up WASCO.

W. A. SCHLEIT MFG. CO., Inc., 18 Eastwood Sta., Syracuse, N. Y.

Some good territory open for live distributors. Write for proposition and "helps." Quick delivery from warehouses in Boston, Springfield, Hartford, Jersey City, Philadelphia, Chicago, Denver and Kansas City.



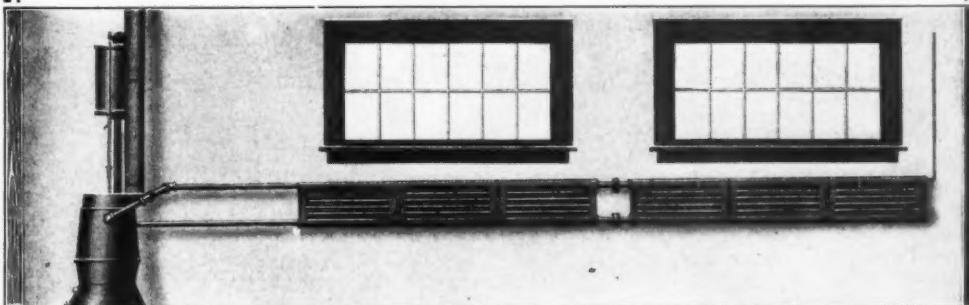
Systems for 1- to 10-car private garages

Write for FREE Catalog

and other letters of endorsement. Install your heating system before cold weather catches you. We will much appreciate the name and address of your dealer.



Catalog FREE



A 2-car WASCO System (with 2 radiators) \$84. This heater and one radiator make a 1-car WASCO System, \$65.

The "Hoover" Creed

I BELIEVE in the efficiency of thrift, economy everlasting and the resurrection of left-overs.

I believe in pure food and the best of materials—properly prepared, wisely consumed and scrupulously saved.

I believe in the nation's food controller, that each crumb saved makes his burden lighter; there is no pleasure in over-feeding, and no peace with "indigestion."

I believe in the immortality of "credit" bills, the high cost of delivering, and the "cash" buyer.

To the man who is guiding a nation through a period of dietetic perils, I

pledge my support—in thought, word and action, now and forever—until the food war doth end.

E. M. Furbush.

Just As Good

Two Jews, father and son, went for a stroll one sweltering day. As they passed a vender of ice-cream the boy turned to his father and said, longingly:

"I wish you'd buy me some ice-cream, fader; I do feel hot."

His father gazed at him for a few seconds in mild surprise. Then he exclaimed:

"No, no, Ikey, my poy; but I tell you vot I vill do; I'll tell you some ghost stories vot'll make your blood run cold!"

—Tit-Bits.



A Problem in Smokes

I hear tell
That the mortality
Among cigars
Carried in the vest pockets
By single men
Is three thousand per cent. more
Than in the same articles
Carried in the same position
By married men.

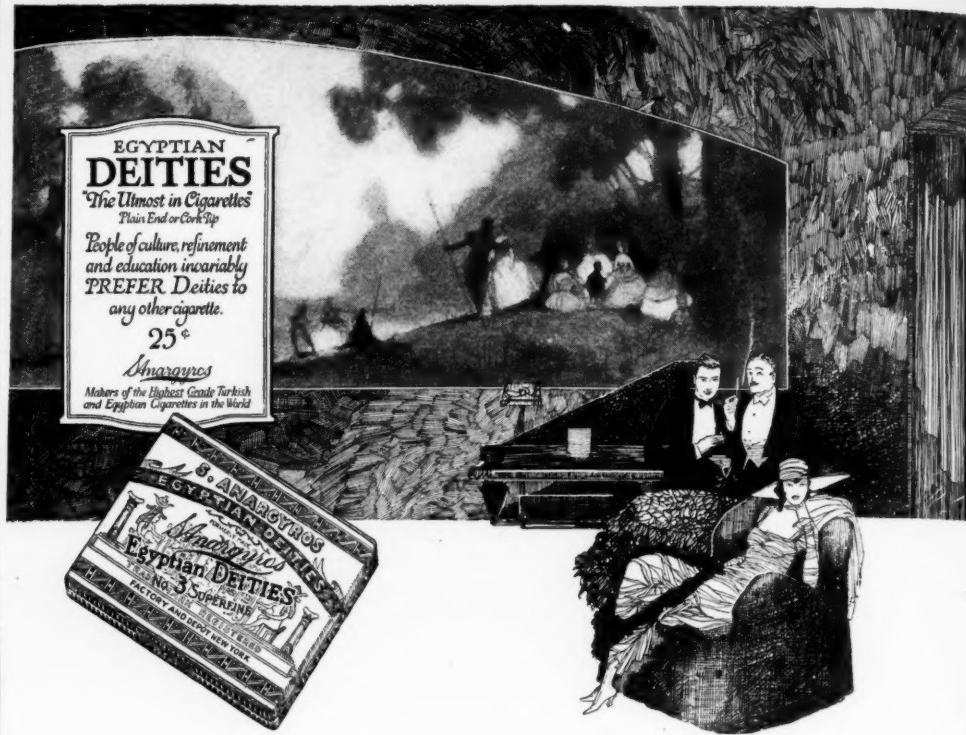
—*Arkansas Gazette.*

"THE MANOR"—Asheville, North Carolina
IN AMERICA—AN ENGLISH INN—Perfect GOLF.

HALL: Blythe is a pretty optimistic character, I hear.

WALL: I should say so. If he failed in business he'd thank heaven he had his health; if he failed in health he'd thank heaven he had his business, and if he failed in both he'd say there was no use having one without the other.

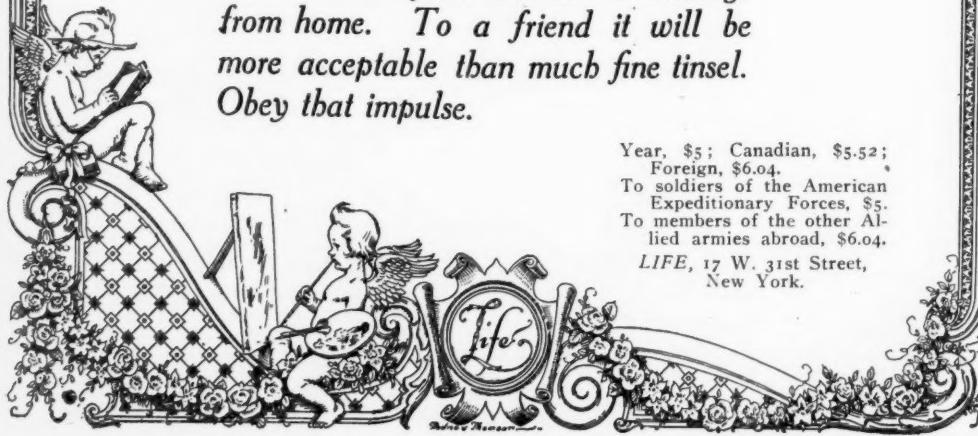
—*Tit-Bits.*



Life As a Christmas Present

Useless Christmas gifts are going out. People are too busy with the war to waste their country's time in sending presents that nobody wants. Yet never before was there need of so much genuine Christmas spirit. To every soldier at the front LIFE is a message from home. To a friend it will be more acceptable than much fine tinsel. Obey that impulse.

Year, \$5; Canadian, \$5.52;
Foreign, \$6.04.
To soldiers of the American
Expeditionary Forces, \$5.
To members of the other Al-
lied armies abroad, \$6.04.
LIFE, 17 W. 31st Street,
New York.

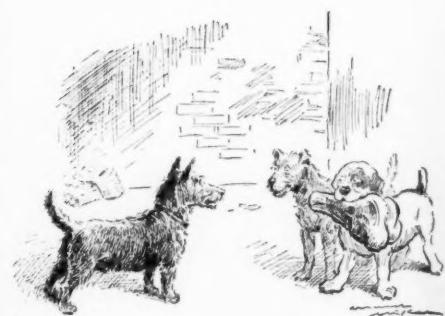


More Scotch Thrift

Harry Lauder tells the following story about a funeral in Glasgow and a well-dressed stranger who took a seat in one of the mourning coaches. The other three occupants of the carriage were rather curious to know who he was, and at last one of them began to question him. The dialogue went like this:

"Ye'll be a brither o' the corp?"
"No, I'm no' a brither o' the corp."
"Weel, ye'll be his cousin?"
"No, I'm no' a cousin."
"At ony rate ye'll be a frien' o' the corp?"

"No, I'm no' that either. Ye see, I've no' been very weel masel," the stranger explained complacently, "an' my doctor has ordered me carriage exercise, so I thocht this would be the cheapest way to tak' it."—*The Argonaut.*



"WHERE DID YOU GET IT?"
"AT THE BANK. WE HAVE A JOINT AC-
COUNT THERE."

The Brave Women of Great Britain

(Continued from page 762)

fewer than two hundred thousand women workers (mostly in textile factories) in Great Britain. There are now, 1917, over eight hundred thousand making munitions alone; over two hundred thousand in engineering and chemical works and other branches of metal trades; over one hundred thousand employed on the land, besides thousands of others at work as mechanics, drivers of motors, ambulances, street cars and omnibuses, cabs; in every kind of work on the railways, as letter carriers and as clerks in banks and offices of every description. Their numbers have not been reckoned, perhaps never will be, and the end is not yet. The call comes, and they respond to the tune of eighteen thousand a week. As was said of them by the superintendent of one of the largest munition factories, "They're saving the country. They don't mind what they do. Hours? They work ten and a half or, with overtime, twelve hours a day, seven days a week. The government insists on two Sundays, or at least one, off a month. But the women resent it. 'We're not tired,' they say. And look at them—they're not tired. I call for a bit of extra work—they stay and get it done, and pour out of the works, singing and laughing. In one factory, near here, for nearly a year the women have never had a holiday. They won't take one. 'What will our men at the front do if we go holiday-making!'"

At first men were provided to lift the heavy shell in and out of the machines, but the women thrust them aside in five minutes. And these women are from all classes. Girls who never before lifted a finger, even to help themselves, work side by side with the maids who formerly dressed them and tied their shoes, and with women from the fields and the factories, all quite happily and without friction, "on their honor." They may not be as strong as the men, but what they lack in strength they make up in spirit.

Dr. Addison, Minister of Munitions,



*Correct for
Evening Wear*

Krementz Jewelry

THE man who moves in a small circle can take chances in the selection of his evening jewelry, but the big busy man of affairs who recognizes the importance of his social duties, who knows the impression created by correctness in all details of his dress, wears Krementz Evening Jewelry. Then he need give no thought to what others may think—correctness always appeals, always reflects to his credit. Consider the class of men who wear Krementz Evening Jewelry. Yet it costs no more than you are asked to pay for the ordinary kind. And the best is none too good for you. The better dealers sell it. Write department U for booklet of new designs and with dress chart telling what to wear for all occasions.

Krementz & Company, Newark, N. J.



3 STUDS, 4 VEST BUTTONS,
1 PAIR LINKS - SET \$7.00
LINKS AND STUDS - \$4.00

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

was able to announce to the House of Commons on June 24, 1917, that "Sixty to eighty per cent. of the machine work on shells, fuses and trench-warfare supplies is now performed by women. They have been trained in aeroplane manufacture, gun work, and in almost every other branch of manufacture." He informed the House also of the financial recognition this devotion was receiving; the average rate of wages of women on time rate, working forty-eight hours per week, had been more than doubled since the beginning of the war, and the minimum wage almost equalled that average. They are not only working in the factories, they help build them. Doing the heaviest sort of laborers' work, excavating, brick-laying and carpentering, they stick at nothing, these splendid women.

So it is with the women and girls who have come forward to answer the demand for labor on the land. Much fun has been poked at the farmerette, but credit of a very high degree must be given to the delicately nurtured girl who voluntarily rises before sunrise and works until after sunset at laborious and distasteful tasks; cleaning pigsties, perhaps,



Safeguard
every cut, scratch
or abrasion from the danger
of infection by immediately
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LISTERINE

The Safe Antiseptic

"Be a LUDEN-ite"

AVOID THROAT TROUBLE

Luden's keep the throat free from dryness and irritation, and relieve soreness and kindred ailments. Also sweeten the breath.

Luden's Yellow Sanitary Package 5c as usual

LUDENS MENTHOL CANDY COUGH DROPS

or handling that "fearful wild-fowl," the horse, about which she only knows that "one end bites and the other kicks, and that she is equally afraid of both," or bending painfully over the plough stilt. She, too, is doing her bit; all honor to her! Then again, take the women who stand hour after hour, for long hours, taking fares on trams and 'buses, wet through often; or run the lifts which serve the underground trains in the London subways; or handle the luggage, and open and shut railway carriage doors—no light task on an English train rapidly moving out of a station. And all so bravely and cheerfully. A girl working a London underground railway lift asked by a soldier, "How many hours do they make you work?" refusing to be patronized, retorted gaily, "How many hours do they make you work in the trenches?" The soldier waited till she had opened the gate, passed out toward his train, and then, turning back, shouted, "But ours is pleasure!" The girl looked after him, beaming, slammed her gate shut, and as she started up again chuckled, "That's a good one!" That's the spirit that is invincible. It has been well said of them: "The women of England go about their warring chuckling, as the men do, and would thank no one to point out that the chuckle drowns the sob." It is the Happiness of Dedication.

Message from a Woman Friend

One of the ways in which we women can do our bit is to keep ourselves and the men cheerful. Laugh at inconveniences, make jokes, and incidentally delicious dishes, of economic food. Save with a smile, and prove that our thrift and sacrifice may be the loyal prop and mainstay of our men.

Where the Blame Belongs

THE sudden elevation in rank of Kingdon Gould at Camp Dix has caused something of an outcry from people who don't know what they are talking about. There is talk of favoritism, of the influence of money, of social pull, of "rich men's sons." Such talk is folly. Young Gould is a university graduate, an expert horseman, an accomplished linguist, an efficient engineer, and a person whose whole training has been one that should have fitted him to command men. There is every reason why he should be promoted, and no reason why he should not. As a rule, the rich man's son has every incentive to rise above the rank and file. From birth he is fed on the right foods, given the best of athletic training, provided with skilled tutors, and sent to the best schools. Those who shout "Favoritism!" when a rich man's son forges to the front should put the blame on early training and unusual education, where it belongs.

K. L. R.

"The Battle HIM of the Republic"



A new portrait of Colonel Roosevelt showing the Colonel as he is today, has just been published by the METROPOLITAN. The face is *life size*, reproduced on hand-made dull finished paper. It is mounted on heavy buff stock with die stamped border, ready for framing. Each copy bears a characteristic American Message by the Colonel reproduced in his own handwriting. This picture will not be sold in art stores. The portrait is sent free, all carriage charges prepaid, with a new or renewal METROPOLITAN subscription at the regular subscription price,—\$1.50 a year (to be advanced to \$2.00 a year January 1st). Colonel Roosevelt's editorials appear exclusively every month in the METROPOLITAN.

METROPOLITAN, 432 Fourth Avenue, New York

Please send me, all charges prepaid, the new Metropolitan portrait, just published, of Colonel Roosevelt. Enclosed find \$1.50 for my one year's subscription for METROPOLITAN. (Indicate If new or renewal.)

Name.....

City.....

Street.....

State.....

Postage extra outside of U. S. A. Remit by personal check, money order or stamps.

That Book of Martin's

(Just Out)

It has remained for an American writer to record the emotions and reactions of America gradually getting into the world war.

This has been done by Edward S. Martin.

Nobody else has done it. Nobody else could do it as Martin has done it.

Who is Martin?

The man who writes the editorials for "Life"—known all over the country, and in Britain and Canada and recently in France, as the sanest, most humorous, most unprejudiced observer of affairs in America.

Ask the man who reads "Life" regularly if this isn't so.

The name of this book is "The Diary of a Nation."

It is more than a book of history, although it is all that.

It is more than a book of current events, extending over some three years when we were "getting in"—although it is all that.

It is more than a book of "observations," which Martin himself calls it—although it is all that.

With a vocabulary that combines clarity and humor to a remarkable degree, this book lifts up the soul of America into the clear light of day. It reveals us to ourselves.

If you are an American you must read that book.

You will learn more about yourself—as an American—than you ever before suspected.

It is published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Price \$1.50.

I wrote this advertisement. I have been reading everything that Martin has written for years, and I know what I am talking about.

Thomas L. Masson.

Sweet Alice, 1917

O H, don't you remember sweet Alice,
Ben Bolt?

Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown?
She danced with delight, she motored,
she golfed,

Each day she wore a new gown.

Sweet Alice is now Over There, Ben Bolt,
Where the torn and the battle-wrecked
moan;

Forgot is her butterfly life, Ben Bolt,
But oh, how her wee heart has grown!
Edmund J. Kiefer.

The Girl Behind the Gun

THE war will not be ended in a short time unless by our efforts—the continued and concentrated efforts of both our men and our women. We have an army of women at home, as well as an army of men in the trenches and training camps, and the girl behind the gun has as good fighting blood as the men whose labor she supplements. This success of the great struggle in which we Allies are engaged depends much upon the work of the women.

Look at what the National League for Woman's Service is doing! Up to the present time one thousand and fifty women have been organized and trained for canteen work in New York City alone, sometimes being called for duty at four o'clock in the morning.

Five thousand New York women were furnished by the League for taking registrations for the census. They have done clerical work on exemption boards, have worked indefatigably in hospital and clinical work, and have raised an incredible amount of money for the Red Cross and the Liberty Loan. They have knitted millions of warm sweaters and stockings and mufflers for both army and navy. They are supplying every transport with magazines, tobacco, cigarettes and chewing-gum. Over four hundred New York women are enrolled in the New York City motor service. Six hundred and twenty women are teaching and demonstrating food conservation. Many others are teaching home gardening and all branches of farming.

In forty-one states and over seven hundred cities there are branches of the National League for Woman's Service, which are duplicating and supplementing the work done at the New York City headquarters. No obstacles are too difficult for them to encounter, and through sun and wind and rain, untiring and uncomplaining, they "do their bit." Who can doubt that many a battle will be won through their help, their courage and their cheer?

CAPTAIN CORCORAN of the Pinafore had just come on deck in the uniform of an ordinary sailor. "Sarves 'im right," growled Dick Deadeye. "'E never 'ad the decency to subscribe to LIFE to make 'is crew 'appy."

New STROMBERG Does it!
CARBURETOR



Gives Your Gas Can Less To Do— Saves Big On Fuel Bills

374-10 miles on a gallon of gasoline—that's the world's greatest official Ford economy record. Made by a Stromberg-equipped Model T 1915 Ford Touring Car, carrying three passengers and weighing 2170 lbs.

You can secure similar substantial savings—because that wonderful feat was made under ordinary road conditions—by an ordinary stock Ford Car. Such savings as those run up into tremendously big totals in a short time—put a big dent in cost of operation—make fuel bills less of a burden.

But that's not all that is accomplished by the

New Stromberg Carburetor FOR FORDS

It whips your engine along at a faster speed clip. It produces power that pulls your Ford through roads you now consider impassable. It abolishes cold weather cranking bothers—shoots your car away with a quick, clean start—no matter where the mercury stands. It gives the greatest range of flexibility—smoothest acceleration. Pays no attention to weather or road conditions—requires least attention—fewest adjustments.

10-Day Money-Back Trial

Order today. Enclose purchase price—\$18. Test it for ten days. No risk. Money back if you want it. Send Now. Cut fuel costs. Roll up mileage. Save money. Stop waste and engine worry. Realize the full satisfaction of greatest power, speed and surety of utmost motor efficiency at all times. Descriptive matter free on request.

Stromberg Motor Devices Co.,
Dept. 1112, 64 E. 25th St.,
Chicago

"Mum"

(as easy to use as to say)

neutralizes body odors
gently but effectually as they occur.
It does not check normal functions,
nor smother one odor with another.
Quickly applied—a little goes a long
way. Indispensable to everyone.

25c at drug- and department-stores

"Mum" is a trade-mark registered in U. S. Patent Office
"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia

Herbert Tareyton London Smoking Mixture
1/4 lb. 50c.—Sample on request
Falk Tobacco Co., 58 West 45th St., New York

About Women

(Lessons of the War)

LOYALTY, thy name is Woman!

The female of the species is as ready as the male.

War's hell hath no terror for a woman in a Red Cross uniform.

Beauty is often soul-deep.

O wonderful son that can so enoble a mother!

She is a woman, therefore she will love;

She is a woman, therefore she will give.

Barnard's Lincoln

JOHN S. SARGENT is one of the approvers of the Barnard Lincoln, and of course his approval carries weight. Not as much, though, as if he liked and practiced caricature less, and knew more about Lincoln. The statue, it seems, does not purport to be Lincoln the President, but Lincoln of the Douglas debates. So much the less reason to set it up in London. Cleveland, where the original stands, is a fit enough place for an effigy of Lincoln still in the making. London is entitled to a figure of the completed man—the emancipator, the war-President.

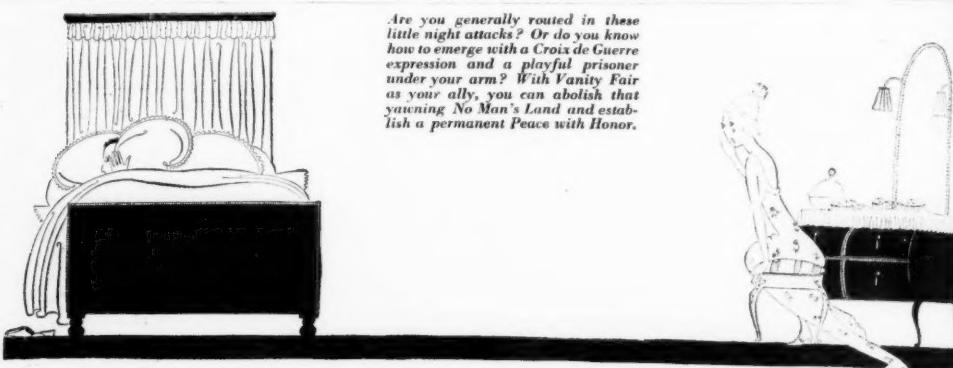
It must be that Mr. Barnard's work has merit, but is it Lincoln? The testimony to the contrary is very impressive. If Mr. Barnard will wait a hundred years he can do any tricks he will with Lincoln, as Michel Angelo did with David, and win applause if they are artful tricks. But who sculps Lincoln now, while men are still alive who remember him, is bound to attempt a portrait, and if his work fails as a likeness it fails as a statue of Lincoln.

The Waacs

THE Waacs is the latest development of feminine energy in England; the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps has been so christened on the model of the Anzacs.

Their job is to do anything and everything behind the lines that men can do, just as in the factories and offices, in the fields and stables, on the trains, buses, cabs and elsewhere they have been doing men's work at home, and with no more fuss than there.

They wear a sensible uniform of khaki tunic and trowsers with high boots and a slouch hat, and live in barracks under rigid army discipline, just as the men do. Their presence releases thousands of men for actual fighting, for this, unlike the tragic Russian "Legion of Death," they do not propose to undertake—as yet. But who knows?—the need for even that may come, and then, it is safe to say, it will be as cheerfully and unpretentiously undertaken by these splendid British or French women.



Are You Driven to Cover?

You Promised—

There's no use digging yourself in. No use sand-bagging your parapets. She has your range. She's found your dug-out. She's dropping whizbangs into your trench every fifteen seconds—three sarcasms, two tears, a powder-puff-pat, and repeat. You have to admit it:

You didn't subscribe to VANITY FAIR

You Failed—

There's no use saying you love her. No use offering her diamond ear-rings. You've let her go around to two—three—four newsstands, only to find they're all sold out of the November issue. You've forced her to peep at the cover—such an amusing cover—over another woman's shoulder. You've allowed her to be humiliated by a mere man with a copy under his arm who asked her if she admired the costumes of the Ballet Realiste. And she didn't even know whether she ought to blush, or not. Because:

You didn't subscribe to VANITY FAIR

But You Can Come Back

Cheer up. There is still hope. The November issue of *Vanity Fair* is still current. With one single little dollar bill, you can spike her guns, break her barrage, capture her artillery, and have her cooing in five minutes.

Every Issue Contains

THE STAGE: Reviews of all that's going on—and coming—on the theater; and portraits of who's who in the New York dramatic spot-light.

THE ARTS: Painless criticisms and peerless illustrations of all the newest happenings in painting, literature, sculpture and architecture.

HUMOR: Not the custard-pie school, nor even the Sunday supplement vein, but the most amusing work of our younger writers and artists.

ASSORTED NUTS: Portraits and revelations of all the best-known and most carefully assorted nuts, and mad hatters.

SPORTS: Every known species of sports: indoor and outdoor, heroically masculine and ladylike.

ESSAYS & REVIEWS: The enlivening and unconventional output of our most wakeful essayists, critics, and authors.

DANCING: All varieties of dancing both wild and hothouse and their indoor, outdoor, rhythmic and ballroom exponents.

FASHIONS: The last word—pronounced with a Parisian accent—on the smartest clothes for the smartest men and the smartest women.

DOGS AND MOTORS: Photographs and life histories of the most successful 1918 models of well-bred dogs and well-built motors.

SHOPPING: The heart of the blue list shopping district; a pageant of its riches; and the shortest and easiest way to acquire their contents.

Remove that sandbag. Come out of your funk-hole. Tear off the coupon. Subscribe to

VANITY FAIR

CONDÉ NAST, Publisher
FRANK CROWNISHIELD, Editor

25c a copy \$3 a year

One Little Green Dollar

will bring you 5 issues of *Vanity Fair*—and even 6 if you mail the coupon now.

VANITY FAIR, 19 W. 44th St., New York City

I accept your offer gladly. It is understood that if the order is received in time, you will send the November issue free of charge. I enclose \$1 (or) send me bill at a later date. (Canadian, \$1.25—Foreign \$1.50.)

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A Capital Story

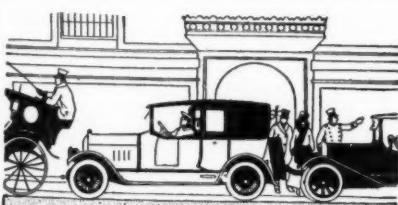
Abram married Ida More.
Bming was his smile before.
Crious his visage now.
Dply lined with care his brow.
Eger friends, with brimming cup,
Fforts make to cheer him up.
Gnial he used to be.
Heerful man no longer he.
Ida is a suffragette.
Jded Abe minds kid quartette.
Kpably—ne'er Ida doubts—
Loquence for votes she spouts.
Mbracing every chance, she likes
Nergy to waste on hikes.
Openly, upon the way,
Pple scoff, to her dismay.
Qlinary work is Abe's,
Rduous as 'tending babes,
Specially as he must do
Tdious work enough for two.
Usually mild, oh, how
Vhement his language now!
Wwould see, the rage
Xpressed each day, with naught t'as-
suage.
Yfey's reached, we hope, the drear
Znith of her fool career.

Fanny Byrne.

Marriage and Talk

IT is only when people are different that they have a great deal to say. When they are alike they are satisfied just to be in each other's company. As married folk gradually exchange ideas and reconcile their differences their conversation is apt to give way to a contented and sparing use of verbal shorthand. A marriage of long standing that is still noisy with constant talk is not one to be envied. It argues an irrepressible conflict.

WHAT kind of a dog is that?"
"Pure thoroughbred. Intellectual, unpedigreed prize mongrel."

**The BILTMORE**

Where the social life
of New York centers
by day and evening



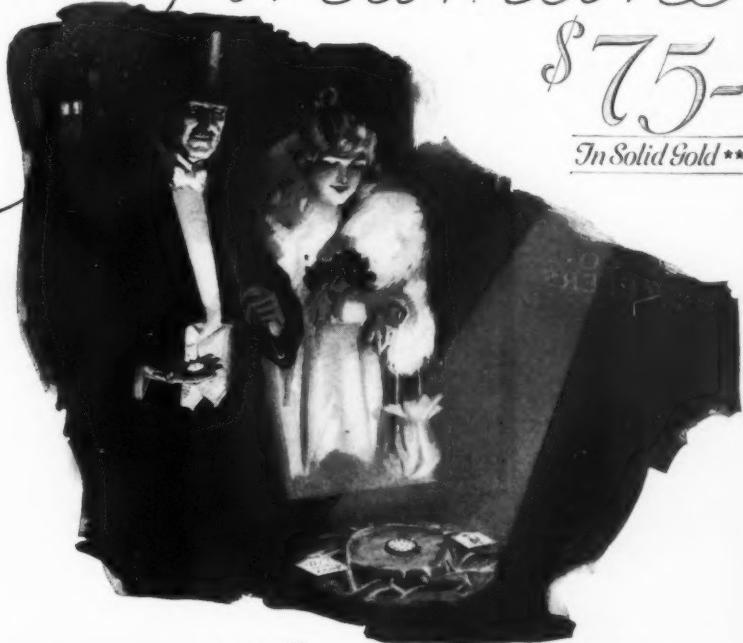
CLOSE
TO ALL THEATRES
AND SHOPS

Lord Elgin ~

-another beautiful streamline

\$75-

*In Solid Gold ***



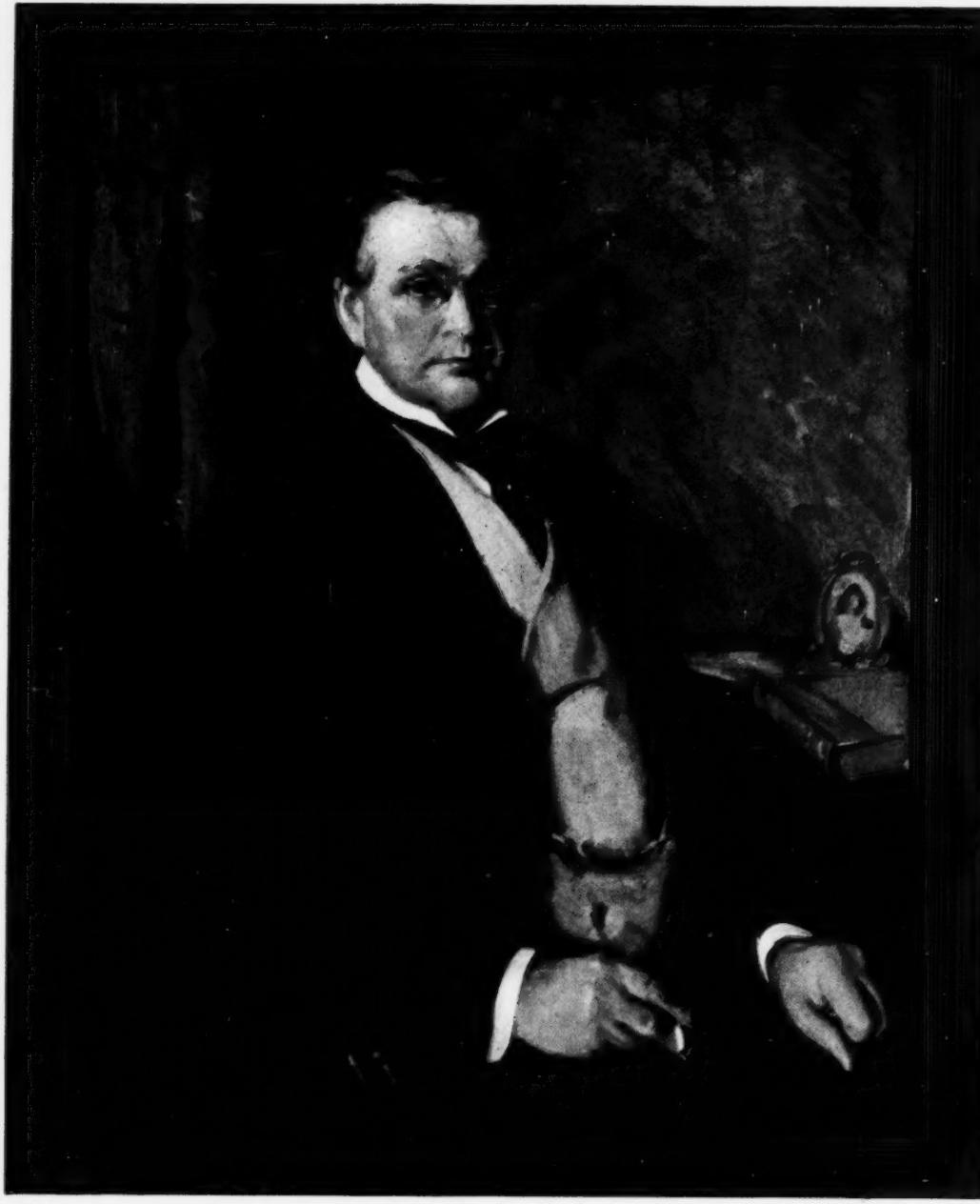
The \$75 Streamline is complete in Solid Gold case and individual presentation box. The movement is the famous Lord Elgin model, extra thin, with 19 Jewels and 8 Adjustments * * * The same watch in 14 Karat Gold Filled, complete at \$55 * * * *



ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., ELGIN, U.S.A.
Designers and Producers

A Flaw in the Economy Program

THE government industriously preaches thrift and economy; and the people practice it, realizing that there is need for what the government preaches. It is a pity that the government won't realize it too, and put the screws on the large and useless output of the Government Printing Office. There may be people who are interested in reading the dreary speeches of half-baked congressmen, the puerile monographs, the unfathomable sectional reports and the tiresome bulletins that emerge ceaselessly from the maw of the government presses, but they aren't visible to the naked eye. So far as can be discovered, the products of the Government Printing Office only help to destroy our forests, waste the time of countless postal clerks, raise our taxes and weary those who receive them. Many people would practice thrift and economy with a better grace if they felt sure that the government wasn't wasting what they saved.



PAINTED FOR LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

THE more level-headed a man is, the surer he is to realize in time how well cigarettes fit in as part of his day's smoking. Because the cigarette is so much *milder* than other forms of smoking.

That Fatimas are so well thought of by such men simply indicates the common-sense com-

fort of Fatimas' well-balanced Turkish blend—a comfort which is particularly noticeable after smoking.

For Fatimas leave you feeling keen and "fit"—even though you may smoke more often than usual. That's why they are called sensible.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette

